found Already and Many More Lives Lost.

MISSING LIST APPALLING

Burning of the Gen. Slocum Harbor's Worst Disaster

HOSPITALS HOLD 219 INJURED

Horrors Fill the Story of the Slaughter of the Innocents.

WHOLE CITY RISES TO AID.

Navy, Naval Reserves, Railroads, Lend a Hand.

ft. Mark's Lutheran Church Turned Into a Household of Mourning and a Registry of the Lost-There Must Have Been 1,300 or 1,400 Women and Children on Its Excussion, With Here and There a Man-The Boat Caught Fire Near Hell Gate and Ran Up to North Brother Island, Burning Furiously and Spilling Women and Children Overboard-418 Dead on North Brother Up to Midnight-Bellevue Improvises a Large Morgue for Them -Crowds Storm the Depots of the Dead-Divers Search the Wreek, but Say Wreckers Will Have to Open It Up for Them-Many Dead Belleved to Be Amidships -Criminal Investigation Begun Worthless Life Preservers -The Statement of the Captain.

THE SUN's lists at midnight showed these agures of the General Slocum disaster:

Corpses Recovered, Identified Dead. Reported Missing, In Hospital

The police reports that came to Bellevue Hospital led Acting Supt. Rickard to estimate last night that the list of dead would not be less than 800.

Nothing approaching the disaster of yesterday has happened in New York waters before. The exact number of the women and children who were killed by the burning of the pleasure steamer General Slocum will not be known for several days. It is certain that nearly 500 corpses have been recovered already. It is certain that many more-possibly hundreds more-still lie in the entrance of the Sound just outside Hell Gate and will be brought to the surface day after day or are in the bowels of the burned and sunken steamboat. More corpses are being recovered hourly, and the lists of missing, which were growing all night, have reached an appalling length.

Nearly all of those who were burned and drowned were women and little children. members of the Sunday School of St. Mark's Lutheran Church, in Sixth street.

Between 1.400 and 1,500 people, so far as can be learned, started out on the Slocum. Nearly a third of them were babies. Try as best they could, the police and hospital authorities and the officers of the church could not find more than 300 or 400 survivors. But everybody believed yesterday that, when matters were straightened out and the hospitals began to give an accounting of the wounded they had taken in spontaneously, the list of those members of the excursion still living would be most happily lengthened. Many of the excursionists were children not attached to the church.

How Could It Happen.

"How did such a thing happen?" That was the question which was reiterated up and down the length and breadth of the city. People read of the captain who found at 110th street that his boat, with as precious cargo, was on fire and yet did not drive it to the shore until he was beyond 138th street, a mile and a half from the place where the cry of "Fire!" first reached his

Capt. William H. Van Schaick of the Slocum explained as best he could how such horrible disaster had come to a company under his care and direction. He is a man 61 years old, and has had long experience in commanding pleasure craft in the waters around New York. Capt. Van Schaick said that, though he heard the alarm of fire early, he made up his mind at once that there was no certain place where she could be beached in shallow water south of North Brother Island. The tide was running up to the Sound with terrific velocity, and he was sure that he would lose time trying to turn his boat into a proper beaching place south of North Brother Island.

He stuck to his post, although the flames scorched his clothing, until the boat was hard and fast ashore. Pilot Van Wart stayed with him.

Rivermen generally were divided as to the good judgment shown by Capt. Van Schaick in trying to go so far. It was nearly an even division. The captain himself admitted that it was not until after the fire had been going some time that he realized its flerceness and its rapidity. Capt. Van Schaick and Pilots Van Wart and Weaver were arrested and were sent to the prison cells of Bellevue Hospital, for all of them were badly burned.

Inquiry Began by Jerome? District Attorney Jerome sent his assistant,

. P. Garvan, to the scene of the wreck to determine whether a crime had been committed. It was gathered that if it could be shown that Capt. Van Schaick used his best judgment he would not be held responsible. But there are other questions which will call for a criminal investigation, as, for instance, the quality and condition of the life preservers on the General Slocum and the facilities which she had for fighting fire. It was established yesterday that man's thumb-nail was a weapon that would rip many of the life preservers on the ship wide open, and that the things were filled with granulated cork, which quickly becomes water soaked and loses buoyancy. Former Fire Marshal Freel was retained by the District Attorney to make an investigation into the circumstances of the starting of the fire.

Lamp Room Fed the Pire.

There was a compartment in the hold of the General Slocum known as the second cabin It was forward, just aft the forecastle. In this room were kept the lamps and the oil for them; the gasolene and the brass polishing liquids and all the other inflammable supplies. It was not determined last night whether the fire started in this cabin. But it was known that the flames were fed there to reach their greatest and most murderous intensity. From that cabin the fire swept back through the boat with a fierceness that no fire fighting apparatus could hold in check.

The Pity of It.

There were scenes of horror on the General Slocum and on shore such as it would not be decent to set down on paper, even though any chronicler had the ability. It was a boat load of women and little children. For the last mile, when the steamer, spouting flames high into the air, was shooting swiftly out to the Sound with the tide, people on shore and on other steamers could see the women and children fluttering over the sides into the water in scores. The river is swift there at flood tide. The waves grab forward at one another with hungry white fingers. A strong man would have but little chance. The women and the children had no chance.

There were heard yesterday such stories as often come out after a disaster-stories of cruel selfishness by members of the 652 crew, of cold disregard of the Slocum's pleasure and business craft in the harbor. In the end came the story that there had been looting of the bodies of the dead. Some of these things were more or less

Herole Work of Rescuers.

But there was a glorious record of self sacrifice and of bravery to be set over against all that was evil or unmanly. Of such were the bravery with which the old captain and his pilots stayed at their post; the noble efforts of Policemen Kelk and Van Tassel, who were on the burning boat, to save the lives of those entrusted to their care; the beautiful recklessness of the women nurses and the convalescent patients from the hospitals on North Brother Island, risking their lives to dash into the water around the burning boat to pull out drowning children and women; the brave deeds of the men on the city's boats, the Franklin Edson and the Massassoit, and on the tugs Theo and Wade. Some day some one will fittingly dress out the deeds of that little man, Capt. Jack Wade, and his daredevil crew. There was no time yesterday for the glorifying of heroes. For every one whose deeds were seen and mentally registered in the flying moments of horror and peril, there were hundreds of others in which the rescued were too much scared to appreciate what was being done for them and the rescuers were too busy to take note for

Ambulances and patrol wagons from nearly every corner of the city were sent to points along The Bronx shore nearest he wreck. Physicians and nurses came by hundreds, not only from hospitals, public and private in all the boroughs of the city, but singly, from their private offices, from as far away as Newark and Paterson

North Brother Island a Morgue.

Bodies were sent down to the Bellevue Morgue from North Brother Island as fast as they were recovered, until there was no more room there. Most of them were unidentified. At about 5 o'clock last night, when the tide was low, there was a sudden increase in the rapidity with which bodies were recovered. They were brought out of the water near where the Slecum had been grounded at the rate of about one minute. A temporary morgue was established on the island. The systematizing of the work of identification was nearly finished last night, and it is hoped that to-day nearly all the recovered bodies may be recognized. Some of them were so badly burned that they will never be recognized. All yesterday afternoon and last night great silent crowds; thousands and thousands of people, stood in front of the church in Sixth street, in front of the Morgue and the Alexander avenue

police station, and along the East River

shore opposite North Brother Islandwherever the bodies of the victims were laid or where news of them could be learned.

THE SLOCUM SAILS OUT GAYLY.

The General Slocum, which was built of wood, spent Tuesday night at the foot of Fiftieth street. She started around the Battery at about 7 o'clock yesterday morning, light. Her crew of twenty-seven men was aboard. She reached the foot of Third street, in the East River, where there is a recreation pier, at about twenty minutes past 8 o'clock.

There were several hundred excursionists already on the pier when the Slocum arrived. There were mothers full of pride in their lusty German-American babies, and full of anxiety for fear some of them would fall overboard in their haste to get on board the Slocum before anybody else did. A band came and went to the after deck and began booming out melodies dear to the German and the East Side

The mothers and children kept pouring across the gang plank and scurrying for "good places" about the decks. The Rev G. C. F. Haas and his assistant, the Rev. J. S. Schultz, stood on opposite sides of the gang plank and welcomed the mother and the scholars. Policemen Kelk and Van Tassell, full of experience in the handling of Sunday school excursions, took posts on the off shore side of the steamer, ready to dive after any towhead who by mischance should fall overboard. It was as fine a day for a pionic as ever was. The sunlight made the blue water seem as bright as though it lay anywhere but between the piers of the biggest city of this nation. The ugly factory walls were set off by masts and flags, and big boats and little boats seemed rather to be skittering over the river for their own amusement than for any purpose of sordid profit.

It Was an Ideal Day.

The excursion was late in starting. Lutherans are great folk for going to family pienies in big family parties. Greta and Wilhemina and August's wife gather from the corners of Manhattan and Brooklyn and bring all their children, and combine their luncheons so that it shall be served to ten or fifteen hungry mouths in proper proportions. And if any one of the whole family circle was late, then all the rest went to Pastor Haas and besought him, by all that was dear and sweet, not to let the boat go until sister and her little ones came. Pastor Hass was good natured, and it was well along toward 10 o'clock when the Slocum started, the band on the upper deck playing "Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott."

The children tugged at their skirts, held down by their smilingfmothers and big sis ters and grandmothers, and obsered at the departing pier. There was not a chill in the air. There was not a cloud on the blue sky. Pastor Hads went up and down the decks, and the matrons loudly communicated their congratulations to him.

Hell Gate, where the tide was rushing ut to the Sound with the utmost violence, was passed safely. There isn't a steamer captain in this harbor, no matter though he be as old as Capt. Van Schaick. who is not glad when he has passed through Hell Gate without a collision and without being slewed out of his course against its rocky sides.

Steamboat Bursts Into Flames.

Though Capt. Van Schaick did not know it, the steamer must even then have been on fire. Just back of the crew's quarters. up in the bow of the steamer under the main deck, is what is called the second cabin. On the Slocum this cabin has been used as a sort of storeroom. Spare hawsers and paint and oils were kept there Gasolene was kept there, and it was there that Albert Payne, a negro steward, kept the ship's lamps when they were not in place and cleaned and filled them. Payne, his face ashy with the horrors he had been through, swore yesterday afternoon that he had finished cleaning all the lamps before the boat left her dock at West Fiftieth street early yesterday morning and that he had not been in the room except to see that everything was all right. He swore that just before the boat left East Third street the second cabin was all

Along the Astoria shore, where there are many yards for the building of small boats, the trouble was known sooner than it was on the steamer itself. As the Slocum passed Broadway, Astoria, John E. Ronan, a Dock Department employee, was struck with the livety of the steamer, with her flags, her music and her load of hilarious children. and called to a companion:

Shere Wendered Why She Didn't Stop. "Look at the Slocum! Don't it make you hate to work when you see a crowd having

as good a time as that?" But a quarter of a mile further on, William Alloway, the captain of a dredge, saw burst of smoke puff out from the lower deck of the Slocum just forward of the smokestacks. He let off four blasts of his dredge whistle. At the same moment other boats on each side of the river began to toot shrill warnings. Alloway and his men could see a scurrying on the decks of the Slocum. They wondered why Capt. Van Schaick didn't back his boat right into

the Astoria shore. "It seemed to me," Alloway said yesterday as though he was having some trouble with his wheel and as though she wasn't minding it, and as if he couldn't get his signals into his engine room. But any-

way, he went right ahead." Alarm at Last Given on Board.

From the best understanding of the sit ration which could be gained from those who were left alive when everything was over, it was quite a while after the Slocum was first found to be on fire that the ser ousness of the sitration was understood by all of her officers and crew. Very few

danger they were in until the burning and

Eddie Flanagan was the Slocum's mate. On excursion steamers the safety and comfort of the passengers are delegated to the mate, while the captain is in the pilot house as he always is, very properly, while the boat is in motion. To Flanagan there came a deckhand and Steward McGann. He caught Flanagan by the shoulder and

"Mate, there's a fire forward and it's got

a pretty good headway."

Flanagan jumped down through the dark space in the middle of the boat and turned he lever of the fire drill alarm. He sen McGann to warn Capt. Van Schaick. The crew was not enough to handle so many passengers. The fire crackled up through one deck after another, licking out far on the port side. There was a rush for the stern. Some of the children thought that the whole alarm was a joke and laughed and nummelled one another as they ran The mothers didn't. They lumbered after, trying vainly to keep hold of some one garnent on the bodies of each one of their voungsters.

Capt. Van Schaick ran back from the pilot house and saw that Flanagan had two ines of hose run from the steamer's fire pumps toward the second cabin, and that he water was already spurting through them. The fire drill on the Slocum was always well done. It was held, without any equirement of law, once every week. But this fire was beyond any mere fire drill. It took Capt. Van Schaick only a minute to see that he ought to get his passenger ashore as soon as ever he could. He deter mined on the north shore of North Brother

The Full Horror Comes in Haste.

It takes time to read of all these things. It took almost no time at all for them to nappen. The yells and screams of the few people who were caught on the decks below the hurricane deck forward were ringing horribly across the water. The roar and crackle of the oil-fed flames shut these screams off from the frightened mass of Sunday school people aft.

Keik and Van Tassel had leaped into the crowds when the firegongs rang. It was due to them that more women and children were not caught forward of the fire. They herded the people back like sheep until nearly the whole company were huddled together on the broad afterdecks. The fire was eating its way back steadily. The eople were getting more and more frightened. Mothers whose children had been separated from them in the rush were getting frantic and dashing madly through the crowd. Confusion grew almost as fast as the fire at the other end of the boat was growing. Van Tassel took to the rail "Now, everybody keep quiet!" he shouted

again and again, waving his big arms eassuringly at women who were grasp ing the rail and already leaning over and trying to make up their minds to jump.

Pastor Haas had found his wife and his

twelve-year-old daughter Gertrude and had put them near the back of a companion way, where he was sure he could find them. He, too, tried to calm his people. He might as well have tried to calm the whirling tide that was bearing the burning steamer along to its end. They were fighting now. Mothers who had started side by side with an endless fund of sympathy for domestic difficulties were fighting like wild

Overboard by Hundreds.

Screams came from the water. A woman ooked over and saw three children floating by on the starboard side. The head of one of them was covered with blood where a blade of the paddlewheel had wounded it. The woman screamed just once, so loud that for a moment all the other horrible sounds of the boat seemed hushed. She pointed a finger at the little bodies that were floating back from the forward decks.

"Frieda!" she screamed. "Meine Frieda!" Refore a hand could be raised to stor her, if indeed there was any one there cool enough in that moment to raise a hand the mother jumped on the seat and threw herself over the rail. She sank, whirling over and over in the swift current. So did the children. But other bodies came. As the flames worked upward and backward more and more people were driven to jump to escape being burned. Mercifully, the pilot house, away forward and up in the air, was in a position which the flames found it hard to reach. The captain and his pilots were able to keep steering.

It seemed to be the captain's purpose as e came up past 130th street to try to find a berth on The Bronx side of the stream. There are a number of coal and wood yards along there and some factories. Rivermen said vesterday that he might well have carried out his plan. The land forces of the Fire Department could have reached him there. But he said that a tug warned him off, telling him that he would only be setting fire to the shore buildings and would not be helping his people in the least, if

Boats to the Rescue.

At any rate, the General Slocum, observed now by hundreds of horror dazed people on both sides of the stream and on the islands, turned again toward North Brother Steamers and tugs from far down stream vere making afterher. The Department of Correction boat Massasoit was on the far side of the Brother islands. Her captain lay in wait for the Slocum, not knowing through what channel she would come from downstream came the slim, white Franklin Edson, the Health Department boat. Thence, too, came the sturdy little Wade, with her tough talking daredevil great hearted little captain, Jack Wade. There came also the tugs Theo and Easy Time, tooting their whistles, headed for the burning steamer.

Looked to the Mainland for Help.

On board the Slocum horror was being piled on horror too fast for any one to keep track of them. The fire, leaping now high above the framework of the steamer's hogback and roaring with a smoky glare of red tongues up thirty feet over the tall brown smokestacks, had begun to scorch the edges of the compact mass of women and children who were crowding back out of its way at the rear end of the boat.

The greater number of these people by far were on The Bronx side of the decks. They seemed to feel, poor creatures, that small as their chance for rescue was, when it came it would come from the thickly populated shore rather than from the bleak rocky, bare spaces on the islands on the starboard side. The Slocum was now opposite 138th street, heading partly across river toward North Brother Island

GO TO DEWEY'S
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of the passengers knew anything of the real | On the contagious diseases landing there the fire fighting force of the island under the direction of Superinter dent of Outdoor Work Doorley was drawn up with lines of heavy hose connected with the

sland's salt water pumping station. To have gone to them, according to men who are familiar with the run of the tide along there, would have been worse than useless. The getting of the boat's broadside against the stream, they say, would have whirled her helplessly out into the stream. But as they watched and waited, this is what they saw.

Overboard With Broken Rall.

With a crack and echoing volley of screams that set on edge the teeth of men hardened to almost any form of death or evidence of pain, the port rail of the Slocum's after deck gave way and all the people near it slipped and slid, one over another, into the water. She had hardly gone 200 yards further on-indeed, by ones and threes and twos and sevens gayly dressed women and little tots all in white were seen whirling down from the deck into the racing tide-when worse came. The steamers and tugs in pursuit were catching up one woman here or a child there, but it was not much they could do. The tide was too swift, and there was too much work to be done ahead to warrant any delay over

Explosion Burles Hundreds.

There was a puff like a great cough down in the Slocum's inwards. A red starry cloud of sparks and smoke and flames shot up and the greater part of the superstructure aft plunged forward into the flames. How many hundreds of lives were snuffed out in that one instant nobody will ever know. Outsiders could see writhing crawling figures in the burning wreckage, slipping down further and further into the flames until they were gone. As bees cling along a branch when they are swarming, there was a thick clustering of women, all screaming, and boys and girls around the edges of so much of the superstructure as was still standing.

At the very back Kelk, the policeman was standing, catching up some of the smallest children, and hurling them out at the decks of the nearest following steamers. Mothers threw their children overboard and leaped after them. When the stanchions burned out and the superstructure fell families were separated.

Thus it happened to Dominie Haas. He had given up as hopeless any effort to get the people quiet, and had just found his wife and daughter. The crash came and he lost them.

Now the big steamer, ablaze for more than two-thirds of her 250 feet of length, was rounding the point of North Brother Island. The flames were reaching out for the pilot house.. The door toward the fire was blackened here and there and the paint blisters were bursting with little puffs of fire. But the hundred nurses and the tuber-culosis patients—all the others had scarlet fever and other contagious diseases and were kept indoors-gathered eagerly on shore waiting a chance to help saw old man van Schaick and his pilots at their wheel, straining forward as though by their own physical efforts they could make the boat go faster.

The captain and Van Wart are both of crawny, hollow cheeked build. Both have andy side whiskers, cropped close. Van Wart is taller than the captain. Weaver, the other pilot, is of heavier build. They made a wonderful picture, the three of them. Afterward, when the horrors were all over except the most ghastly horror of all—the piling up and labelling of the dead-men spoke of the picture. It was at no moment certain that the pilot house would not shrivel up and vanish in a puff of smoke If it did, the Slocum would never get gloss enough to the shore to make it possible for help to be given to the passengers who were still living. And the two old men and the younger, with never a look backward, whirled their wheel and braced it, and with their teeth set close together and never a word kept their eyes fixed on the one little stretch of rocky beach where it was possible for a steamer as big as the Slocum to be beached accurately and safely.

They succeeded in the fight that they had been making all the way from the Sunken Meadows, where the Seawanhaka was beached, years ago. Capt. Van Schaick was past the Sunken Meadows, he said yesterday, before he knew that he had a fire on his boat, and the tide was too strong to let him turn back to beach her there, even had there been any way of rescue out there in the middle of the river.

Work of Rescue.

The only heartening incidents of the whole horrible half hour began happening as soon as the Slocum's bottom scraped on the North Brother Island shore, should twenty-five feet from the sea wall.

The Massasoit, which was the closest boat behind the Slocum when she struck drew so much water that it was impossible to get her bow within fifty feet of the Slocum. It didn't make any difference to Carl Rappaport, her coxswain. He took a running jump forward over the bow and swam toward the burning steamer. Like a big red headed St. Bernard he grabbed two babies and swam back to his own boat. Meantime the captain of the Massasoit was putting boats overboard as fast as he knew how. When these were out picking up people from the water wherever they could, Rappaport was floundering

around helping from the water side. The Franklin Edson, with her new clean coat of white and gilt paint, drew less water than the Massasoit and went right up to the Slocum's side so that people jumped from the burning decks and were dragged back to safety. For safety was not on the forward deck of the Edson. She needs a new coat of paint. Her forward windows were cracked by the heat and there are the marks of flames for the forward thirty feet of her superstructure.

Jack Wade and Ruddy McCarrol. Jack Wade, master and owner of his

little tug, cursing like a kruckman stuck pitching his life-preservers over, turning loose his boats and pushing up so close to the burning decks that the hair on his brawny arms frizzled and his men, John McDonnell, Ruddy McCarrol, and Brannigan, had their shirts burned off their backs. It wasn't worth while afterward to attempt to get this crew to tell how many lives it saved. They had been too busy to count.

Ruddy McCarrol was plain beaten out for the first time in his life. The effort which finished him had been getting a very heavy German woman over the side single handed. When she was aboard she began to scream. Ruddy laid himself out flat, face down along the rail, and was

sure he was going to die, he was so exhausted. He heard the fat woman say: "Wake up, you! Wake up!" but he didn't

know she was talking to him. "There is my Claus in the water," she creamed. Without more ado, she shoved Ruddy overboard. He floundered around, caught the boy and managed to get aboard again. The fat woman grabbed Claus and started down the boat with him. Ruddy shook his head with a look that was almos smile and then fell on his face in a faint. Fireb at Comes Flying Up.

All along the shore, as the burning steamboat had come along the stream on the breast of the tide, fire alarms had been rung. One alarm at the foot of 138th street was rung three times. There was nothing the firemen could do when they came, except just one thing, which was done at once. The captain of the first company to arrive at the river's edge telephoned for the fireboat Zophar Mills. She came up the river, screaming, with a voice that outscreamed all the other whistles which were being blown in every factory and yard from which the blazing steamship could be seen.

The captain of the Mills saw that the Slocum was beached and that rescuers were more needed than pumpers of water. He ran into 188th street and took aboard Capt. Geoberan and all the reserves of the Alexander avenue station and took them over the river to help in the work of picking people out of the water from rowboats and tugs. There is a big marble works opposite North Brother Island. The boss, when he saw the Slocum, knocked off all work and sent his 150 men across in any and every sort of a craft that they could lay their hands on.

Nurses Wade Out Up to Their Necks. Meantime the hundred nurses and the uberculosis patients were doing wonderful things. Delicate looking young women, in the deinty white uniforms which nurses wear, ran down to the water's brink and waded in up to their necks and formed uman chains, along which struggling, half drowned refugees were passed. Miss O'Donnell, the assistant nurse in charge, went out and brought in seven dead people and eight living. Every other nurse in the place was doing nearly as well. Dr. Watson, the head of the hospital, was out in the water with them, cheering them on. Mary McCann, a sixteen-year old, a ward helper, just over from Ireland, swam out four times and each time brought a living child to the shore.

Hulk a Furnace, Many Still Alive Aboard. Even though relieved by these evidences -but one or two out of hundreds that happened unrecorded-of the working of good and brave human hearts, the misery and the horror were going on almost undiminished. The great hulk was still burning like a furnace on top of the water. Living men and women were still rolling out from her decks. Hundreds sought shelter from the heat under the paddle boxes, which seemed slow to burn. In there, among the wet paddle blades, the resous boats were filled again and again.

Sin Year-Old's Vain Climb for Life. Long after every one had given up any idea that there was a human life in the forward part of the boat, except those of Capt. Van Schaick and his two pilots, there was a shout of surprise and agony of shore. A small boy-he seemed about 6 years old-climbed up to the flagstaff and began to make his way up as though to get away from the deck which was burning under him. He climbed a little higher and flame from below until he was almost at the top. He was a sturdy looking little chap, and each time he found he had not gone far enough he would shake his yellow ourls determinedly and work his way a few nches more. It was a brave fight. He lost it. The flagstaff began to tremble, just as a boat was getting around in position to get at the child. The staff fell back into the loating furnace, and the boy with it.

Living Borne Past the Dead.

As fast as dead and living were brought ashore the weaker of the convalescent patients took them and carried them up on he lawn. There was a constantly increa ing number of physicians coming over from the mainland, some of them in rowboats. Every burnt woman or child who howed any signs of life was carried into the buildings. The nurses' quarters and the doctors' quarters and the stables and every place that had a roof where cots could e erected was filled-except those in which here were contagious diseases.

The dead were laid out in long rows on the grass. The living walked or were carried by them. Heartrending recognitions were there; women throwing them elves on the bodies of their children, children catching at their niothers' hands and begging them to "wake up" and screaming inconsolably when they realized that there would be no waking up.

There was too much to be done at once for any list to be kept of those who were rescued. The Rev. Mr. Haas was pulled out of the water in which he had fallen soon after the Slocum beached, and found to be not very badly injured. But it was more than an hour before he could be found and identified.

One reason for the heavy loss of life scribed by those who assisted in the work of rescue was the apparent inability of all the passengers of the Slocum to swim. Scores were drowned within a few steps of firm footing. Not a few were drowned who might have saved themselves by standing up. Capt. Van Schaick and his pilots and all the rest of his crew except Steward McGann and Chief Engineer Conklin swam ashore without much difficulty after they once got safely into the water away from the flames. It is not known what happened to McGann. Other members of the crew were sure that when the divers get down into the wreck of the Slocum they would find that Chief Engineer Conklin would be found dead at his post, from which he might have escaped any time, had he wanted to abandon the passengers to their fate.

Burned to the Water's Edge.

When the Zophar Mills' commander was satisfied that there was no more chance of saving any lives, he ordered that the burning hulk be got out of the way. With the help of several of the other tugs she was yanked out into the stream and floated. ablaze from stem to stern over to Hunt's Point, a mile away, where she grounded again and burned to the water's edge and sank. She lies now about half a mile from Hunt's Point on the Bronz side of the stream and about a mile north of North Brother Island. She lies with her yellow smokestacks tilted over to the south and one of her big yellow paddleboxes visible. For the rest there is an outline of charred timbers and nothing more. Divers

working on her looking for more of the

Craft That Did Not Help.

There was great wrath expressed by all the people who watched the steamboat's blazing progress up the river because of the actions of one or two of the craft which did not go to the rescue. The captain of the ferryboat Bronx, which crossed from 131th street right under the stern of the Slocum, without going close enough to eatch any of those who were jumping from her decks, got a great share of the blame. Then there was a white steam yacht which bobbed along within a cable's length through almost all of the Slocum's pitiful journey and never once went close enough to lend a hand. The same accusation was made against a black steam yacht

with yellow funnels. Worthless Life Preservers on the Dead On many of the bodies which were recovred were life preservers which seemed o have been perfectly worthless. Assistant District Attorney Garvan's attention was called to a collection of the Slocum's life preservers which had been made by Capt. Jack Wade. These life preservers were covered with such flimsy, rotten stuff that they could be ripped open by a scratch with one's thumbnail. They were filled with ground-up cork instead of with solid chunks which would retain their buoyancy. Capt. Wade, who threw away a hundred

indignant over the matter. "Look what they let a boat of 2,500 passengers carry," he said, "and then look what they make me buy when I'm only licensed to carry eighteen.

dollar's worth of really good life preserv-

ers to the Slocum's passengers, was highly

The work of recovering bedies went on steadily from the time when all hope of saving more lives ended. Nearly a hundred policemen, assisted by men from all the ospitals and morgues, went out in small boats and waded out and worked from the shore and from the decks of the tugs with grappling hooks, dragging up all that was left of victims of the disaster. The bodies of some of those who were burned were in indescribably horrible condition.

In the rush and confusion there were many things which in the face of a disaster less appalling would have shocked the sensibilities of the most hardened man who witnessed them: such, for instance, as the sight THE SUN tug encountered on one of its trips across to North Brother Island -a rowboat, withtwo men at the cars, and a small boy, who was holding a line by which were towed the bodies of three women, dressed all three in flimsy white dresses Nobody was to blame. The boat would have been swamped with the three bodies

Night Increases the Horror.

At 10:30 o'clock last night 415 corpses had been recovered and tagged at North Brother Island. Fifty had been recovered at other points. They included a dozen that had first been landed at Oak Point. More were coming in at the rate of twenty an hour

The police of the harbor squad, assisted by volunteers, were wading and rowing about the shore picking them up with grappling hooks. So numerous were the corpses that early in the evening bodies were re

covered at the rate of one a minute. Fishing Up the Dead Under Searchlight. All the boats used by the police and other workers were equipped with lanterns. In addition lights were hung on poles that had been stuck in the mud along the shore of the island. The police boat Patrol stood by constantly with a big searchlight played on the waters. The employees of the hospital rigged up temporary lines of incandescent lights along the lawn to aid those at work in tabulating and searching the

Corpses Known Only by Number.

As soon as the bodies were taken from the water they were laid in groups of four each. They were first tagged and then searched. All jewels, papers and valuables taken from the bodies were thrown into huge bags Each batch of valuables taken from a body was tagged with the number corresponding to that on the body. After the searching and tagging of the bodies had been completed photographs were taken of the groups of four. This was done by the use of flashlights.

First Photograph a Woman and Three

Children. When Commissioner McAdoo heard of the accident yesterday and later learned of the enormous list of dead he sent to Pach Bros., the photographers, and secure the services of a staff of men to take pictures

of the dead. The first photograph was taken at 8 o'clock last night. It was a group of four, consisting of a woman and three children. The bodies were stretched out along the lawn with the heads propped against the wall of the scarlet fever hospital.

It was decided to send all the valuables taken from the dead to the office of Coroner O'Gorman, at 177th street and Third avenue. Commissioner McAdoo first propose the scheme of sending all bodies Morgue, at Twenty-sixth street, where arrangements had been made to turn the big Charities Department dock into a temporary morgue.

Mr. McAdoo explained that the bodies would then be brought nearer to their homes and could thus be more easily identified. Coroner O'Gorman readily assented to this plan, although it took the cases out of his jurisdiction in The Bronx and transferred the bodies to the authorities in Manhattan.

Diver Rice Volunteers

At 7 o'clock last night a Merritt-Chapman wrecking tug, with full crew and three divers, reached North Brother Island The wrecking crew and two of the divers had come at the call of Commissione McAdoo. The other came over in a hoat and offered his services. He is John Rice who went to Boonton, N. J., and brought the body of Bill Hoar to the surface, when others had failed to do so. Rice was giadly welcomed, and joining the others in th wrecking crew, hurried to the charred and sunken steamer to recover the bodies fastened in and about the wreck. Word was sent back by them some time later that the work would be very difficult owing to a lack of light. It was also stated that the single wrecking tug was hardly able to cope with the situation, and Commiss

McAdoo decided to summon more help.

Navy Yard Sends a Tug. He then telephoned to the authorities at the Brooklyn navy yard asking if they would help out, and received word back that powerful navy tug, fitted up with searchights, would be despatched to the scene

immediately. Naval Reserve Sends Boats and Crews. Commissioner McAdoo had already called